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And if, perchance, we meet no more

This side the misty Stygian sea,

Be sure of this : On yonder shore

Sweet cheer awaits the soul as we : —

A Salus fragans' heaven, O friend —

The fellowship that knows no end !

BY
EUGENE FIELD

FROM THE GEORGE H. YENOWINE COLLECTION
OF BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS

EDITED BY HENRY H. HARPER
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
WILLIAM P. TRENT

PRINTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEMBERS OF

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Cordially yours

Wm. L. Garrison

Chicago, June 26 1843

INTRODUCTION

To the several volumes of the collected edition of Eugene Field's writings in verse and prose issued nearly twenty years ago various well established writers contributed introductions. Why such a popular author as Field then was should have needed such a host of sponsors is not clear, but it is fairly apparent that today he is able to dispense with all help of the sort, granted that it really is a help. If anyone doubts this, he may speedily convince himself of his error by taking note of the well rubbed condition of some of the volumes in the Columbia Library's set of Field's works. Yet while I am convinced that no book by, or dealing with, Eugene Field needs any sort of introduction, his kindly ghost and the kindly reader — an unkindly reader of a book about Field is almost unthinkable — will doubtless pardon me for contributing these few paragraphs to the present volume.

Mr. Harper has so well described the Yeno-wine Collection of Field's writings which yielded the materials from which this volume

has been compiled, and he has brought out so clearly the special interest attaching to the items it has been thought fit to reproduce, that to dilate on the pleasure the Field enthusiast is likely to derive from what he will encounter in these pages would be as superfluous as to descant upon the attractiveness of Eugene Field himself, whether he be viewed as the embodiment of all that is friendly and whimsical, as the poet of childhood, or as the born journalist who was also the genuine man of letters. It may not be superfluous, however, to lay emphasis on the fact that among American writers no one has a greater claim to the attention of true bibliophiles than the collector-author with whom we are now enabled to become more intimately acquainted.

Although facsimiles of Field's unforgettable handwriting and of his capricious drawings are obtainable elsewhere, they do not seem to produce such a definite impression as they do here; and what could bring out more clearly and concretely Field's devotion to the higher sides of his genius and calling than his own methodical, alphabetical listing of all the titles of his verses and prose tales? He had, we see, his share of the love of fame, but more than his share of the love of good work for good

work's sake, and of the love for fellow-men and — what is better — fellow-children.

Of the specific items in the Yenowine Collection—it will be remembered by the close reader of Field's verse that the name of his friend's Kentuckian family occurs in the line of "The Peter-Bird" that runs —

The Yenowines, Crittendens, Dukes, the Hickmans,
the Hobbses, the Morgans —

undoubtedly the most important is, as Mr. Harper has stated, the bound volume containing most of the original manuscripts of those translations and paraphrases from Horace which are regarded by some persons as likely to be, apart from a handful of poems of sentiment and humor which the anthologist will not let die, Field's most enduring contribution to literature. This volume of manuscripts may well be regarded by Mr. Bixby, to whose unexampled generosity we Bibliophiles are now once more indebted, as one of the very choicest of his literary possessions. It suggests the pleasant thought that, in the long run, like may be trusted to encounter like. This unique memorial of an insatiate collector has found a fit abiding place with other similar treasures gathered by a lover of things beautiful and rare,

and the muse of the most intimate of modern poets has associated herself for the times to come with the kindred muse of the most intimate of the poets of antiquity. The advantages such a conjunction must confer on Field's fame and memory need not be dwelt upon, but it may be appropriate to remark that not the least of these is likely to be a comparative immunity from pedantic criticism. Due allowance being made for the fact that Horace wrote in a dead language, neither writer, for fairly obvious reasons, seems to have strong attractions for scholarly bores. Nor does either, we may opine, furnish much delight to literary faddists — to the well meaning people, always with us, who strive, as the saying is, to make up for inanity of matter by insanity of style.

Next in interest to the material connected with the Horatian paraphrases comes the portion of this volume that is concerned with "Villon and I" and with Field's last manuscript. The art — or knack — of weaving proper names into attractive verses is not one with which most poets are born, or which they acquire with great ease; but Field in some way made it his own, and rarely, if ever, put it to better service than in the unfinished stanzas that seek to confer a deserved immortality upon

sundry leading second-hand booksellers of London and elsewhere. A more appropriate set of verses for the poet-collector to have been writing in his last conscious moments it would be difficult to imagine, and his admirers will be grateful to his friend Yenowine for having preserved them. They will doubtless be grateful also, though in less measure or in a different way, for being able to share in the woes of Mr. Peattie over his lost rubbers, and to connect once more, this time through the stanzas entitled "The Humane Lad," the tricky elfishness of Eugene Field with the staid exemplariness of Dr. Isaac Watts.

W. P. TRENT.



Here's a birthday present from
For my dear friend Yennovino.
If you ask how old is he,
Left his hat and you shall see.

With very much love,

Ernest Tild.

Quinn Park, Sept. 1894.



Author's inscription in copy No. 177,
handmade paper edition of "A Little
Book of Profitable Tales," printed
by John Wilson & Son.

My dear Menzies: I am glad that this little book is yours, be-
cause I know its worth. I wish its merits were equal to its
worth.

You ought to take a special interest in this
story for the reason that it is illustrated by J. L. Schlanders, whom
you discovered in your old Wisconsin woods. But I suspect that
you actually value this little thing because it is largely the
work of one who loves you fully as much as you love him
and who is proud to subscribe himself herein

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

Engel Fuld.

Panna Park, May 27th, 1895.

Author's inscription in "The Symbol
and the Saint," first edition, illus-
trated by J. L. Schlanders, 1886.

VERSE AND PROSE

The most important item in the Yenowine collection of Eugene Field's books and MSS. is a bound volume containing most of Field's original manuscript translations and paraphrases of the *Ars Poetica* and the *Odes* of Horace. From various pencil marks and other evidence it appears that these MSS. were used as printer's "copy" in setting up the text of *Echoes From the Sabine Farm*; and they have added value in that they disclose a number of errors and variations in the printed text. The MSS., according to Field's wont, are written and punctuated with great precision and accuracy, and for the most part they were faithfully copied by the printer; but there are a number of discrepancies which should be corrected in order to make an authoritative text. For example, the first two lines of Ode II, Book II of Horace, which Field rendered —

To Scythian and Cantabrian plots
Pay thou no heed, O Quintus!

[1]

were printed (page 116, *Echoes From the Sabine Farm*) —

To Scythian and Cantabrian plots
Pay them no heed, O Quintus!

which destroys or else makes unbearably awkward the grammatical construction of the opening sentence. The word “thou” is plainly written, and no reasonable excuse can be assigned for changing it to “them.”

In the third and fourth lines of stanza ii of Horace’s famous Soracte ode, Field’s manuscript reads —

And, better yet, sweet friend we’ll whet
Our spirits with some four-year-old —

while in the text as printed (page 62 of the “*Echoes*”) it reads —

And better yet, sweet friend, we’ll wet
Our whistles with some four-year-old.

It is impossible to say whether Field made the change in the proofs, or if the perversion is to be charged to the printer; but whoever is responsible, it is none the less regrettable that the slang phrase “we’ll wet our whistles” should have been inserted in a poem of such dignity. It is at least interesting to know that Field cannot be accused of having committed

the indignity at the time he made his translation. The first three stanzas show how well he caught the spirit of the original. —

See, Thaliarch mine, how white with snow
Soracte mocks the sullen sky;
How, yearning loud, the woods are bowed,
And chained with frost, the rivers lie.

Pile — pile the logs upon the hearth —
We'll melt away the envious cold;
And, better yet, sweet friend, we'll whet
Our spirits with some four-year-old.

Commit all else unto the gods
Who, when it pleaseth them, shall bring
To fretful deeps and wooded steeps
The mild persuasive grace of spring.

The lines on pp. 53–55 of the printed edition entitled “The Lyric Muse,” are accompanied by no statement whatever that they are translated from any part of Horace’s writings, and for all the reader is told they may be an original composition by Field himself. The index, however, does contain a bit of information, or misinformation, which is widely at variance with the manuscript. In three of the editions at hand the indexes read, “Ars Poetica, line 301;” whereas, at the top of the original manuscript Field wrote in large letters of red and black ink:—

THE "ARS POETICA" OF HORACE—XXIII.
(Lines 391–407.)

Moreover, in the second line of the third stanza,
Field wrote —

Old Homer sang unto the lyre
which was changed in printing to —

Old Homer sung unto the lyre

The sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth lines of
the same stanza in the manuscript are clearly
written and punctuated as follows: —

The oracle, when questioned, sings —
So we our way in life are taught;
In verse we soothe the pride of kings,
In verse the drama has been wrought.

The alteration of words and punctuation in the
printed version changes the meaning entirely.
It reads —

The oracle, when questioned, sings;
So our first steps in life are taught.
In verse we soothe the pride of kings,
In verse the drama has been wrought.

Here the regularly rhythmical line —

So we our way in life are taught

is rendered irregular and harsh, and instead of ourselves being taught, our “first steps in life are taught.” The manuscript, furthermore, says that the oracle sings, and then seems to proceed to tell *what* it sings, viz:—So we our way in life are taught, etc. Whereas, in the text as printed the oracle is said to have sung, but of what we are not informed. The semi-colon following the word “sings” and the period at the end of the next line entirely alter the text of the MS. and instead of the oracle singing the last three lines as in the manuscript, they are made to issue from the mouth of the poet.

In the twenty-second ode of Book I, stanza iii, Field wrote:—

Lo, on a time I gaily paced
The Sabine confines shady,
And sang in glee of Lalage—

the last line of which was printed —

And sung in glee of Lalage—

Again, in the next stanza the MS. reads —

And, as I sang, a monster wolf,

which is printed —

And as I sung, a monster wolf—

Among the MSS. in the volume there are two paraphrases of Horatian Odes which do not appear ever to have been printed; perhaps for the reason that they passed into Yenowine's possession before the *Echoes From the Sabine Farm* was published, and were probably overlooked by Field. The first of these is Ode XXXI, Book I, signed and dated "Dresden, 1890," as shown in the accompanying facsimile. This was while Field was abroad, and it is the only one of his Horatian paraphrases showing the place where it was done, with the single exception of Ode XVIII, Book I, dated "Chicago, August 22nd, 1889," which date has been crossed out in the MS., perhaps by the printer. The Ode translated at Dresden is written in purple ink with rubricated initials at the beginning of each stanza, and runs as follows:—

As forth he pours the new-made wine,
What blessing asks the lyric poet —
What boon implores in this fair shrine
Of one full likely to bestow it?

Not for Sardinia's plenteous store,
Nor for Calabrian herds he prayeth,
Nor yet for India's wealth galore
Nor meads where voiceless Liris playeth.

For forth he forces the new-made wine,
What blessing asks the lyric poet -
What boon implores in this fair shrine
Of one just living to bestow it?

Not for Sardinia's falconous store,
Nor for Calabrian heroes he prayeth,
Nor yet for India's wealth galore
Nor meads where voiceless Liris playeth.

Not harvest riches exultate
The harvest sinner - I'd not deny it;
Yet am I pleased with my estate,
My humble home, my frugal diet.

Child of Latona, thine I crave:
May peace of mind and health attend me,
And turn unto my very grave
May this dear lyric of mine favour me!
- Eugene Field.

Oreiden, 1890.



Mr. Field, drawn by himself,
With the compliments of
Eugene Field.

Let honest riches celebrate
The harvest earned — I'd not deny it;
Yet am I pleased with my estate,
My humble home, my frugal diet.

Child of Latona, this I crave:
May peace of mind and health attend me,
And down unto my very grave
May this dear lyre of mine befriend me!

EUGENE FIELD.

Dresden, 1890.

N. L. Torre's more stately version is here given for purposes of comparison. Field's rather free paraphrase is done in four lines less than the Latin, while both Torre and Sir Theodore Martin in their more literal versions exceeded the original by four lines. —

What gift of Phoebus have I prayed? —
The fresh libation duly made,
What asks the bard? — No fruitful stores,
The harvest of Sardinian shores;
No herds Calabrian hills supply,
Nor gold, nor Indian ivory;
For rural meads no wish he knows,
Where Liris, gentle river, flows.
Let others prune Calenian vines
For whom propitious fortune shines;
Let merchants at their board produce
In golden cups the purple juice,

Exchanged for Syrian wares; who brave
Thrice in each year the Atlantic wave,
And safe in Heaven's peculiar care
The perils of the ocean bear.

For me shall be the olive dressed,
Mallows and endive be my feast.
Son of Latona! grant me this —
My destined lot to meet in bliss!
Grant to my prayer health unconfined;
And, oh, preserve my peace of mind!
Let my old age unspotted prove
And brightened by the Muse's love.

The second unpublished paraphrase is of
Ode XXXIV, Book I of Horace, as shown in
the facsimile. It is dated September 8, 1889,
and signed. Five colors of ink were used, —
brown, red, green, bronze and black. It is as
follows:—

I have not worshiped God, my King —
Folly has led my heart astray;
Backward I turn my course to learn
The wisdom of a wiser way.

How marvelous is God, the King!
How do His lightnings cleave the sky —
His thundering car spreads fear afar,
And even hell is quaked thereby!

Horace, I. 34.

I have not worshipped God, my King -

Folly has led my heart astray;

Backward I turn my course to learn

The wisdom of a wiser way.

How marvellous is God, the King!

How do His lightnings cleave the sky --

His thundering ear spreads fear afar,

And even hell is quaked thereby!

Omnipotent is God, our King!

There is no thought He hath not read,

And many a crown His hand plucks down

To place it on a worthier head!

- Emma Field.
S

September 8, 1884

Omnipotent is God, our King!
There is no thought He hath not read,
And many a crown His hand plucks down
To place it on a worthier head!

EUGENE FIELD.

September 8, 1889.

Here again Field has made his paraphrase in a less number of lines than the original Latin. He often wandered wide of the text, as will be seen by comparing his lines with Sir Richard Fanshawe's more literal interpretation in the same number of lines as the original. —

I that have seldom worshipped Heaven,
As to a mad sect too much given,
My former ways am forced to balk
And after the old light to walk.
For cloud-dividing-lightning Jove
Through a clear firmament late drove
His thundering horses and swift wheels;
With which supporting Atlas reels:
With which Earth, Seas, the Stygian lake
And Hell (with all her Furies) quake.
It shook me, too. God pulls the proud
From his high seat, and from their cloud
Draws the obscure; levels the hills,
And with their earth the valley fills.
'T is He does all, He does it all:
Yet this blind mortals Fortune call.

Seventeen of the twenty-three MSS. of Horatian paraphrases contained in the volume are dated, and all are signed in full. The dates on most of them have been crossed through with pencil, doubtless by the printer, and in no instance does the date appear in the printed editions. The pieces to which dates are affixed are as follows:—

Ode XXX, Book III, March 19, 1889

Ode II, Book IV, March 25, 1889

Ode II, Book II, August 26, 1889

Ode XVIII, Book I, Chicago, August 22, 1889

Lines 1–23 “Ars Poetica,” September 2, 1889

Lines 391–407 “Ars Poetica,” September 3, 1889

(These were expanded to thirty-six lines
in the translation)

Lines 323–333 “Ars Poetica,” September 5, 1889

Ode XXXIV, Book I, September 8, 1889

Odes XXII and XXXIII, Book I, September 10, 1889

Horace to his Lute, September 11, 1889

Ode III, Book II, September 13, 1889

Ode VII, Book II, September 17, 1889

Ode I, Book IV, September 18, 1889

Ode XXXI, Book I, Dresden, 1890

Ode IX, Book I, February 5, 1891

Ode XXIX, Book III, February 27, 1891

It will therefore be seen that most of Field's translations from Horace were made in the fall of 1889, perhaps while he was in ill health, for in his Auto-analysis he says: "Ill health compelled me to visit Europe in 1889; there I remained fourteen months." Only two of his translations were made after his return from Europe — those dated February 5 and 27, 1891.

One of the most interesting Field MSS. extant is his personal sketch of his life. The original draft in the Yenowine collection is dated, "New Orleans, March 14, 1894," the year before his death. Accompanying the MS. is a four-page Japanese vellum leaflet on which the sketch is printed in full. At the top of page 1, Field has written: "Of eight copies on Japan paper this is No. 7." It is signed at the end and dated "April 5, 1894," from which it appears that the sketch was put into type and printed not more than three weeks after it was written. In 1896 F. M. Morris printed an edition of one hundred and fifty copies on Japanese vellum, under the title of *Eugene Field — Auto-analysis*.

In the first page there is a curious discrepancy between the printed copy and the manuscript

— a facsimile of which appears herein — where Field says: “We have had eight children (two daughters and six sons;” whereas in the printed text it reads “three daughters and five sons.” There are other more or less important variations, among them the addition of a complete paragraph of eleven lines on the last page of the printed copy — probably added in the proofs — and the omission of the written statement: “I do not care much for so-called literary people; they make me weary.” After “I believe in churches and schools,” Field added in the printed text, — “I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns and fireworks.”

In view of the personal interest that attaches to this sketch, it has seemed desirable to print it here in full.



This portrait of Field was pasted in
the front of Yenowine's copy of "Echoes
From the Sabine Farm."

A gift from Francis Wilson and Eugene Field to Geo. H. Yerrinton, Esq.,

accompanied by the cordial regards of the authors and the publisher.

December 12, 1894.

And if, perchance, we meet no more
This side the misty Stygian sea,
Be sure of this: On yonder shore
Smile cheer awaits the soul as we; —
A Sabine Pagan's heaven, O friend —
The fellowship that knows no end!

— Eugene Field

Author's inscription on first fly-leaf
of "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," copy
No. 41 of handmade paper edition signed
by Francis Wilson.

EUGENE FIELD'S SKETCH OF HIS OWN LIFE

I was born in St. Louis, Mo., September 3d, 1850, the second, and oldest surviving, son of Roswell Martin and Frances (Reed) Field, both natives of Windham County, Vermont. Upon the death of my mother (1856), I was put in the care of my (paternal) cousin, Miss Mary Field French, at Amherst, Mass. In 1865, I entered the Private School of Rev. James Tufts, Monson, Mass., and there fitted for Williams College, which institution I entered as a freshman in 1868. Upon my father's death in 1869, I entered the sophomore class of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., my guardian, John W. Burgess, now of Columbia College, being then a professor in that institution. But in 1870 I went to Columbia, Mo., and entered the State University there, and completed the junior year with my brother. In 1872, I visited Europe, spending six months and my patrimony in France, Italy, Ireland and England.

In May 1873, I became a reporter on the St. Louis Evening Journal. In October of that

year I married Miss Julia Sutherland Comstock (born in Chenango County, N. Y.) of St. Joseph, Mo., at that time a girl of 16. We have had eight children (three daughters and five sons).

My newspaper connections have been as follows: 1875-76, city editor of the St. Joseph, Mo., Gazette; 1876-80, editorial writer on the St. Louis Journal and St. Louis Times-Journal; 1880-81, managing editor of the Kansas City Times; 1881-83, managing editor of the Denver Tribune. Since 1883, I have been a contributor to the Chicago Record (formerly Morning News).

I wrote and published my first bit of verse in 1879; it was entitled "Christmas Treasures" (See Little Book of Western Verse). Just ten years later I began suddenly to write verse very frequently; meanwhile (1883-89), I had labored diligently at writing short stories and tales. Most of these I revised half a dozen times. One (The Were-Wolf), as yet unpublished, I have re-written eight times during the last eight years.

My publications have been chronologically, as follows: —

1. The Tribune Primer; Denver, 1882. (Out of print and very, very scarce).
(The Model Primer; illustrated by Hoppin;

I was born

~~born~~ in St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 3, 1850; ^{the} second ^{and eldest surviving} son of Roswell Martin ~~Field~~ and Frances (Reed) Field,

both natives of Windham county, Vermont. Upon the death of my mother (1856), ^I was put in the care of my (paternal) cousin, Miss Mary ^{Field} French, at Amherst, Mass.. In 1865 ^I entered the private school of Rev. James Trafts, Monson, Mass., and there fitted for Williams college, which institution I entered as a freshman in 1868. Upon my father's death in 1869, I entered the ^{senior} of Columbia college, sophomore class of Knox college, Galesburg, Ill., my guardian, John W. Burgess, ^I being then a professor in that institution. But in 1870 I went to Columbia, Mo., and entered the State University there, and completed the junior year, with my brother. In 1872, I visited Europe, spending six months ^{and my patrimony} in France, Italy and England. ✓

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My publications have been, chronologically, as follows:

1 - The Tribune Primer; Denver, 1882. (Out of print and very, very scarce)

2 - Culture's Garland; Ticknor; Boston; 1887. (Out of print.)

A Little Book of Western Verse; Chicago; 1889. (Large paper, privately printed, and limited)

A Little Book of Profitable Tales; Chicago; 1889. (Large paper, privately printed and limited)

3 - A Little Book of Western Verse; Scribners; New York; 1890.

4 - A Little Book of Profitable Tales; Scribners; New York; 1890.

5 - With Trumpet and Drum; Scribners; New York; 1892.

6 - Second Book of Verse; Scribners; New York; 1893

7 - Relics from the Sabine Farm; ^{*}Translations of Horace; McClurg; Chicago; 1893.

8 - Introduction to Stone's First Edition of American Authors; Cambridge; 1893

9 - The Holy Cross and Other Tales; Stone & Kimball; Cambridge, 1893.

All health compelled me to visit Europe in 1889; there I remained fourteen months, that time being divided between England, Germany, Holland and Belgium. My residence at present is in Buena Park, a north-shore suburb of Chicago.

I have a ^{miscellaneous} collection of books numbering 3500, and I am fond of the quaint and curious in every line. I am very fond of dogs, birds and all small facts - a passion not approved of by my wife. My favorite flower is the carnation. My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter", "Don Quixote" and "Pilgrim's Progress". I greatly love Hans Christian Andersen's tales and I

*

In collaboration with my brother, Roswell Martin Field.

am deeply interested in folk-lore and in fairy tales. I believe in ghosts, ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ ~~witches~~ and ⁱⁿ ~~fairies~~.
I should like to own a big astronomical telescope, and a 24-tune ~~music~~ ^{music}-box. I adore dolls.

^I I dislike "politics", so called. I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women, ^{I am, undoubtedly opposed to capital punishment}
I favor the ^{system} of pensions for noble services in literature, art, science, etc. I ^{favor} ~~oppose~~ of compulsory education. I believe in churches and religion.
If I could have my way, I would make the abuse of horses, dogs and cattle a penal offense; ~~and~~ I would

abolish all dog-laws and dog-catchers, and I would punish severely everybody who caught and
caged birds.

I have been a great theater-goer. I enjoy the society of doctors and ^{of} clergymen. I do not care
much for so-called literary people; they make me uneasy.

^I I like music (limited). I do not care particularly for sculpture or for paintings. I dislike ever

and I play all games very indifferently. I love to read in bed. I am a poor diner, and I drink no wine.
I am unconquarably fond of perfumes. My favorite color is red.

I dislike crowds, and I abominate functions.
or spirits of any kind; I do not smoke tobacco. ^I I am six feet in height; am of spare build, weigh

160 lbs., and have shewing teeth in dress. But I like to have well-dressed people about me. ^I My eyes are

blue, my complexion is pale, my face is shaven and I incline to baldness. ~~I have a good opinion of myself.~~
It is only when I ^{look and} see how young and fair and sweet my wife is that I have a good opinion of myself.

^I I am fond of the companionship of women, and I have no ^{unconquerable} prejudice against feminine
beauty. I do not love all children. I have tried to analyze my feelings towards children, and I think I

discover that I love ~~them~~ them in so far as I can make facts of them.

^I I believe that, if I live, I shall do my best literary work when I am a grandfather.

^I I ~~write out~~ ^{give} these ^{facts,} statistics and observations for the information of those who, ^{for some inscrutable reason,} are applying constantly
me for biographical data concerning myself.

-Emerson's List.

New Orleans, March 14, 1894.

- Treadway, Brooklyn, 1882. A pirate edition).
2. Culture's Garland; Ticknor, Boston, 1887. (Out of print).
A Little Book of Western Verse; Chicago, 1889. (Large paper, privately printed and limited).
A Little Book of Profitable Tales; Chicago, 1889. (Large paper, privately printed and limited).
 3. A Little Book of Western Verse; Scribners, New York, 1890.
 4. A Little Book of Profitable Tales; Scribners, New York, 1890.
 5. With Trumpet and Drum; Scribners, New York, 1892.
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time being divided between England, Germany, Holland and Belgium. My residence at present is in Buena Park, a north-shore suburb of Chicago.

I have a miscellaneous collection of books numbering 3500, and I am fond of the quaint and curious in every line. I am very fond of dogs, birds and all small pets—a passion not approved of by my wife. My favorite flower is the carnation. My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," "Don Quixote" and "Pilgrim's Progress." I greatly love Hans Christian Andersen's Tales, and I am deeply interested in folk-lore and fairy tales. I believe in ghosts, in witches and in fairies. I should like to own a big astronomical telescope, and a 24-tune music box. I adore dolls.

My favorite hymn is "Bounding Billows." My heroes in history are Martin Luther, Mme. Lamballe, Abraham Lincoln; my favorite poems are Körner's "Battle-Prayer," Wordsworth's "We are Seven," Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," Luther's Hymn, Schiller's "The Diver," Horace's "Fons Bandusiæ," and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." I dislike Dante and Byron. I should like to have known Jeremiah the Prophet, old man Poggio, Horace, Walter

Scott, Bonaparte, Hawthorne, Mme. Sontag, Sir John Herschel, Hans Andersen. My favorite actor is Henry Irving; actress, Mme. Modjeska.

I dislike "politics," so called. I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women. I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment. I favor a system of pensions for noble services in literature, art, science, etc. I approve of compulsory education. I believe in churches and schools; I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns and fireworks.

If I could have *my* way, I should make the abuse of horses, dogs and cattle a penal offense; I should abolish all dog-laws and dog-catchers, and I would punish severely everybody who caught and caged birds.

I like music (limited). I have been a great theater-goer. I enjoy the society of doctors and of clergymen. I do not care much for so-called literary people; they make me weary.* I do not care particularly for sculpture or for paintings; I try not to become interested in them, for the reason that if I were to cultivate a taste for them I should presently become hopelessly bankrupt. I dislike all exercise and I play all games very indifferently. I love to

* This sentence was omitted in previous editions.—Ed.

read in bed. I am extravagantly fond of perfumes. My favorite color is red. I am a poor diner, and I drink no wine or spirits of any kind; I do not smoke tobacco. I dislike crowds and I abominate functions.

I am six feet in height; am of spare build, weigh 160 lbs., and have shocking taste in dress. But I like to have well-dressed people about me.

My eyes are blue, my complexion is pale, my face is shaven and I incline to baldness. It is only when I look and see how young and fair and sweet my wife is that I have a good opinion of myself.

I am fond of the companionship of women, and I have no unconquerable prejudice against feminine beauty. I recall with pride that in twenty-two years of active journalism, I have always written in reverential praise of woman-kind. I favor early marriage.

I do not love *all* children. I have tried to analyze my feelings towards children, and I think I discover that I love them in so far as I can make pets of them.

I believe that, if I live, I shall do my best literary work when I am a grand-father.

I give these facts, confessions and observations for the information of those who, for

one reason or another, are applying constantly to me for biographical data concerning myself.

EUGENE FIELD.

New Orleans,
March 14, 1894.

EUGENE FIELD'S DIARY

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS INTERVIEW
WITH PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, ETC.

Washington, February 17, 1886. — Jules Guthridge sent word that Col. Dan Lamont had made an arrangement for me to meet the president at 8:30 in the evening. We went together to the White House and sat on a sofa in the Secretary's room, waiting for the president to appear. Lamont was across the room whispering with a stranger. About 9 o'clock Cleveland came out of a side room. Lamont said: "Mr. Field is here; would you like to see him?"

Cleveland said: "Yes, where is he?" He turned and faced us. I went up and shook hands with him. He thought he had met me before, but I assured him he had not. We moved toward the fireplace and he leaned on the mantelpiece as we talked for twenty minutes. He looked older than I had expected and there were wrinkles in his face that did not appear in photographs of him. I told him that

the Democrats of the West were all opposed to his policy and he laughingly admitted that he believed they were. I asked him to join me in a fishing excursion to Spirit Lake, Ia. He said he knew he would enjoy the trip but he disliked to go west because he would be expected to put himself on exhibition there—he hated that sort of business. He spoke favorably of Gov. Gil Pierce, of Dakota. Col. Lamont gave me a mammoth cigar which, he assured me, was not a Yorkville cigar nor one of the kind that Col. Andy Welch gave away. It seems that the *Daily News* is read at the White House.

New York, March 6, 1886.—Atty. Gen. Banton G. Boone and Treasurer Seibert, of Missouri, at the Fifth avenue hotel; reporter Walker, of the *Star* took them over to Hoffman house and one of the bell-men was assigned to escort the party over the premises. The guide expected to be feed but the Missourians, knowing nothing of these things, urged him to take a seat in the barroom and to drink with them. Had he done so with his uniform on, he would have been discharged.

New York, March 5, 1886.—Called at the *Sun* office; Mr. Dana not in. Saw Mr. Mitchell

who introduced Paul Dana, who reminded me of Huntley. When Mr. Dana came in, he received me very cordially. I told him that Walter Hutchins felt aggrieved by the *Sun's* course towards the *Post*. Mr. Dana complained that the *Post* had virulently assailed the *Sun*. He inquired after Mr. Stone. "Your work is always good," said he; "aside from it, the *Daily News* is very dull. Now the *Tribune* (Chicago) is *sometimes* bright." I talked with him an hour. He asked me to find out whether 'twas true that Pulitzer and McCullagh had once come to blows in Adelaide Neilson's presence. When I arose to go he said, "Come around every morning and sit in that chair and visit with me." This touched my heart. "I am glad to find you looking so well," said I. "I hope you'll live a thousand years — at least, I hope I'll die first, for I admire and respect you very much."

Post scriptum: He said that what he had predicted of President Cleveland was coming true: his vanity was disrupting the party.

New York, March 7, 1886. — Took dinner at 5 o'clock with Henry E. Dixey and wife at the house, 122 West 44th Street. About 6 o'clock Mr. Blakely Hall dropped in. He urged me to

come to New York at once to engage in the publication of a weekly paper. I learned that Henry Guy Carleton had abandoned the scheme of founding a weekly paper here. (By the way, it was to have been called *The Autocrat*.) Dixey explained that the reason he did not pay any attention to Walter Meadowcroft in the Hoffman house was because Meadowcroft had D— with him. Dixey received a play from D— at one time and gave him his note for \$100 for it — on condition, however, that D— would not present the note for collection until the play was produced. D— sold the note for \$90 to a New York broker who collected it under threats of suit.

New York, March 7, 1886. Called on Len Vanderpoole at his home, 13 University Place. Neither he nor his surroundings looked prosperous. He told me that William K. Vanderbilt and Chauncey Depew had promised to back him in the newspaper business. The paper was to be called *The Daily Globe*; was to be issued every day at noon, and was to be republican in politics; Vanderpoole was to be editor and Gill was to be associate editor. The best men were to be gleaned from all parts of the country and a man from the *London Standard* office was to

be dramatic critic. Vanderpoole said he was very anxious to have Bates and me connected with the paper and he would let us name our salaries; would also give us a guaranty for five years.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Yerrinton.

With very much love

To the pair named above

Goes this book from the friend late and gayly

Now fairer to be back

In that picturesque abode

On the shore of the limpid Puwauke.

- Engano P. L.

August, 1893.

Author's inscription on first leaf of
"A Little Book of Western Verse," first
edition.

Dear Genovine, this book of mine
Is form in spots, and structure fine;
So I suggest you pick the best —
While having done, — — the rest!

E. F.
2

Sept. 29, 1893.

Author's inscription in "Second Book
of Verse," first edition.

Since it is always interesting to know the circumstances and conditions that gave rise to popular poems and stories, the following letter written by Field to a friend will find ready appreciation among his many admirers:—

Dear Sir:

My Dutch lullaby was written one night in the spring of 1889. The little story occurred to me as I was riding home on the street cars. I had determined to write a series of lullabies and had begun one which I meant to entitle A Dutch Lullaby; this I elaborated subsequently into the bit of verse entitled "Night-fall in Dordrecht." When the names of Wynken, Blynken and Nod occurred suddenly to me, I abandoned the windmill story and took up with the wooden shoe. I sat up in bed and wrote out the lullaby as it now appears, with the exception that I first wrote

"Into a sea of blue,"

and this line I changed next morning to

"Into a sea of dew."

This original draft of these verses was made upon brown wrapping paper and is now held by Mr. Charles H. Dennis, of the *Chicago Record*.

My "Little Boy Blue" was written (1889) within the space of two hours in the *Record* office and to fill an order from the *America*. The name of Little Boy Blue came to me while I wanted a rhyme for the seventh line of the first stanza.

My verses "To a Usurper" are actually addressed to my son Frederick who as a little boy used to say that when he grew up he was going to marry his mother.

"The Dead Babe" was written (1898) one evening while my infant son lay at the point of death.

"The Stork" and "Little-Oh-Dear" were inspired by my baby girl.

"Our Two Opinions" was written (1889) to prove to a friend that I could make a fair imitation of James Whitcomb Riley's style.

My wife's favorite of my verse is "The Song of Luddy-Dud," a fragment inspired by our baby boy. Similarly inspired was "Garden and Cradle."

"Little Homer's Slate" was suggested by a

My Junco lullaby was written at Carlbad and was inspired by the sight of a weary-looking Jewess nursing her babe in the highway near the
Spindel.

With the money I got for my verses "Apple-Pie and Cheese" I bought my first Chamber of 1898.

personal experience told by H. H. Kohlsaatz, of this city.

"The Wanderer" was written (1883) and published with Mme. Modjeska's name appended, merely to hoax the public.

"Buttercup, Poppy, Forgetmenot" was written (1891) upon the anniversary of my oldest boy's death. The allusion in the last stanza of the dedication of *With Trumpet and Drum* is to this beloved child.

The dedication of my "Second Book of Verse" was written in Frankfort-on-Maine, in the summer of 1890.

My Jewish lullaby was written at Carlsbad and was inspired by the sight of a weary-looking Jewess nursing her babe in the highway near the Sprudel.

With the money I got for my verses "Apple-Pie and Cheese" I bought my folio Chaucer of 1598.

The foregoing letter does not disclose the identity of the person to whom it is addressed, but it is accompanied in the Yenowine collection by another letter beginning "Dear Lemperly," which proves now to be one of the most interesting letters that Field ever wrote. Although it is undated, internal evidence shows

it to have been penned only a few days before his death, for he had then completed eighteen chapters of his last book, to which he afterwards added but one short chapter of eleven pages. From this letter it becomes evident that the book as printed is in reality only about one half the length he planned to make it, for he says: "I suppose that Chapter XXXV ought to be enough, although I don't see how I'm ever going to say all I want to within that compass." He was also planning two other books which, had he lived to complete them, would doubtless have added luster to his name.

In addition to the facsimile, the text of the letter is here given in full:

Dear Lemperly:

I feel under great obligations to you, and I thank you, for this volume of Maude Robertson-Hicks' poems. Aside from its rarity in this edition, the book is of value for the exceptional excellence of the work with which — I should perhaps blush to make the confession — I have but just now become acquainted. This lady has the genuine feeling and with this gift she has also remarkable power and facility of expression, the naturalness and the nicety of her method appealing to me with un-

ear tenderly: I feel under great obligation to you, and I thank you, for this volume of Claude Robertson-Hicks' poems. And from its

city in this edition, the book is of value for the exceptional excellence of ^{the work with} which - I should perhaps blush to make the comparison - ^I yours

but just now
me ~~the~~ first I have become acquainted. This lady has the genuine feeling and with this gift she has also remarkable power and force

expression, the mirth and the naturalness of her method appealing to me with unusual directness and force. I question whether you
by taking this opportunity to
not have remembered me more felicitously, than ~~they~~ ^{you} endorsing me this charming, dainty book. I am now hard at

work upon my Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, which I am furnishing in installments in the Review and which will be published

not far off. I have reached Chapter XVIII and I suppose that Chapter XXVI might be enough, although I don't see how I in even

going to say all I want to within that compass. When I am done with this pleasant task, I shall want to write a book about

curio-collecting, and after that I shall perhaps feel like attempting - when I have long been thinking about - a story of the England

life, involving Helen Mitchellcraft and the brief period of Nathaniel Hawthorne's life. May has been wanting me to do the foreface to

the volume of Anne Bradstreet's poems which the Dandelions will publish; but Anne is a tough, unconquerable old bird and I

hesitate to tackle her. I suppose that one is justified in putting off a task which he feels he cannot do well. I have long

been intending sending you my copy of the Love Songs of Childhood for your boy to ornament with his autographic signature.

I must delay that duty no longer. I want the signature upon the page where the second picture of the lad occurs. Reminding

to you my assurances of gratitude and ^{of} affection, I am always sincerely yours,

Emory Field.

usual directness and force. I question whether you could have remembered me more felicitously than by taking this opportunity to send me this charming, dainty book.

I am now hard at work upon my Love-affairs of a Bibliomaniac, which I am printing in installments in the *Record* and which will be published next spring. I have reached Chapter XVIII and I suppose that Chapter XXXV ought to be enough, although I don't see how I'm ever going to say all I want to within that compass. When I am done with this pleasant task, I shall want to write a book about curio-collecting, and after that I shall perhaps feel like attempting — what I have long been thinking about — a story of New England life, involving Salem witchcraft and the brief period of Nathaniel Mather's life. Way has been wanting me to do the preface to the volume of Anne Bradstreet's poems which the Duodecimos will publish: but Anne is a tough, uncongenial old bird and I hesitate to tackle her. I suppose that one is justified in putting off a task which he feels he cannot do well.

I have long been intending sending you my copy of the Love-Songs of Childhood for your boy to ornament with his autographic signature. I must delay that duty no longer. I want

the signature upon the page where the second picture of the lad occurs. Renewing to you my assurances of gratitude and of affection, I am always sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

“VILLON AND I”

(See accompanying facsimile)

This fine poem, which Field wrote for *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, only thirty-five days before his death, is prefaced in that work by the following remarks: “I was not done with my discourse when a book was brought in from Judge Methuen; the interruption was a pleasant one. ‘I was too busy last evening,’ writes the judge, ‘to bring you this volume which I picked up in a La Salle street stall yesterday. I know your love for the scallawag Villon, so I am sure you will fancy the lines which, evidently, the former owner of this book has scribbled upon the fly-leaf.’ Fancy them? Indeed I do; and if you dote on the ‘scallawag’ as I dote on him you also will declare that our anonymous poet has not wrought ill.”

This was Field’s method of introducing his own verses into this story, as witness at the end where he introduces his poem “One Day I Got a Missive,” he had it brought in by Judge Methuen, who asked him to give it a place “in these memoirs.”

The "Villon and I" poem as printed differs slightly from the MS. The title given it is "François Villon," which is not as comprehensive as "Villon and I." Field divided his poem into three eight-line stanzas. The fifth line of the first stanza he originally ended, "my Margot at my side," which he changed in the MS. to "my frowzy brevet-bride." His spelling of "frowzy" was changed and printed "frouzy." Possibly he may have intended "frowzy" to have a double meaning, suggesting "frow." In the second line of stanza ii, "yon deserted boulevard," as he wrote it, would be more in line with the robber's idea than "yonder gloomy boulevard," as it was printed. A *deserted* boulevard would doubtless suit a robber's purposes better than a *gloomy* one.

Four lines farther on, "to our brothel with our gain" was printed, "to our bordel with our gain." The third line from the end was changed and printed "Go, fetch my pen, sweet Margot, and a jorum of your wine!" and in lieu of the closing quotation marks in the MS., a line of dots was inserted. Then the two parenthetical lines at the end were printed without the parenthesis marks. There are a few other unimportant variations.

After inserting the Villon poem, Field con-

If I were Francois Villon, and Francois Villon I,

What would it matter to me how the time might drag or fly?

~~The world~~ ^{in anxiety} ^{anguish} ^{tried} the days and nights away,

and still not keep the farming, ^{growing,} ^{hunting} ^{self} ^{as} ^{day};

But, with my ^{raincoat} ^{bag} ~~and~~ bottle and my ~~stomach~~ ^{frizzy} ^{beet} ^{birds},

and my crew of loyal cut-throats standing guard for me outside,

What worry ^{of the} ~~of~~ ^{tomorrow} ^{would} ^{for} ^{the} ^{with} ^{night}.

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I?

If I were Francois Villon and Francois Villon I,

^{deserted} ^{borderland} ^{of} ~~the~~ ~~borderland~~ ^{at} ^{midnight} ^{would} ^{live}; —

"Stop ^{stranger!} ^{and} ^{believe} ^{you} ^{are} ^{you} ^{free} ^{of} ^{obsessions},"

The middle of my bloodgeon ^{or} ~~and~~ the temper of my steel!"

He aimed me ^{give} ^{gold} ^{and} ^{diamonds}; his smile was and his cane —

"For back, my poor companions, to our double with our gain!"

And, but a minute their double, from the bottles they would fly,

If I were Francois Villon, and Francois Villon I!

21. 11 11

tinued: "My acquaintance with Master Villon was made in Paris during my second visit to that fascinating capital, and for a while I was under his spell to that extent that I would read no book but his, and I made journeys to Rouen, Tours, Bordeaux, and Poitiers for the purpose of familiarizing myself with the spots where he lived, and always under the surveillance of the police. In fact I became so infatuated with Villonism that at one time I seriously thought of abandoning myself to a life of crime in order to emulate in certain particulars at least the example of my hero."

This poem was not printed in Scribner's "Complete Edition" of Eugene Field's poems, 1915; for what reason it is impossible to say. Field's words, "Original draft," as shown in the margin of the MS. facsimile settles any doubt as to its being his own composition.

The last Manuscript that Eugene Field wrote is accompanied in the Yenowine collection by the following statement, probably by Yenowine himself:—

FIELD: The rarest of all Field Manuscripts. Eugene Field was found dead in bed about 4 o'clock on the morning of November 4, 1895. His friend, G. H. Yenowine, who was spending the night with the family, was with Mr. Field off and on all the preceding evening and up to midnight. Lying in bed Mr. Field had a soft paper tablet and while they were at dinner he began writing a verse on the famous old book dealers of London, Paris, Edinboro and Leipsic, to be used in the book he was then publishing as a serial, *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*. The names of these dealers had been written out for him by his friend Geo. M. Millard, of McClurg & Co. He could not compose with the usual facility and after talking with him a few minutes, he tore two pages of an unfinished poem beginning —

Oh, London is as fine a town,

[34]

[illegible]

Sing. ^{Pitcher} ~~Large~~ ^{Leafy} ~~Stems~~, ~~Decorative~~

Some breeding adults shown:
 Sing. breeding
 Sing. Young

Oh, London - so full a town

So open & plain -

There an old bookstand of every kind

And several in between;

And some open up with willing hands

To show you make the rounds

How treasures they range all around

From shillings up to pounds.

See Pumpus, Roberts, Goodrich, Booke,

— See Stevens and Roberts;

See Stevens and Roberts whose shops are full

Of rarities to sell!

See Pinet, Jackson, Snodgrass, George:

— See Ellis, Pinet, Roberts

See various antiquaries, various

And many librarians books

Large paper and more!

— H

from the tablet he held in his hand, and folding these pages with the notes furnished by Millard, handed the package to his friend, saying: "Put these in your pocket, George, and when we go down town tomorrow I must see Millard about these names he gave me." The MS. is written with a lead pencil, two verses are completed and two more verses blocked out. This was the end of Mr. Field's life task. He died a few hours later.

In Roswell Field's Introduction to *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* he says: "During the afternoon of Saturday, November 2, the nineteenth instalment of 'The Love Affairs' was written. It was the conclusion of his literary life. The verses supposedly contributed by Judge Methuen's friend, with which the chapter ends, were the last words written by Eugene Field. . . . In the early morning of November 4 the soul of Eugene Field passed upward. On the table, folded and sealed, were the memoirs of the old man upon whom the sentence of death had been pronounced. On the bed in the corner of the room, with one arm thrown over his breast, and a smile of peace and rest on his tranquil face, the poet lay."

The statement accompanying the present

MS. — that Field handed it to his friend Yenowine, saying: "Put these in your pocket, George," explains how it came to escape the public eye. Its existence, moreover, was not known even to Roswell Field, as his own words testify in substance.

The first page of Millard's list is missing, but the others, here given in facsimile, show some rather interesting comments; especially the one on page 3: "The thrifty Edinboro booksellers all have short names, — as short as possible, because thereby there is economy in ink and in time." As Field used the names he ran them through with pencil, but he apparently neglected to cross off Suckling, Ellis, Bailey and Hutt, whose names he grouped together in the second stanza.

As marking the closing chapter in a literary career of such singular interest and charm as that of Eugene Field has for the American people this little piece which represents the last touch of his pencil to paper, is perhaps the most precious item of Fieldiana in existence.

Oh, London is as fine a town
As ever I have seen —
There's an old bookstand at every hand
And several in between;

A. C. McCLURG & Co.

117, 119, AND 121 WABASH AVENUE
CORNER MADISON STREET

CHICAGO.

189

London. Continued.

Suckling.

~~Maggs.~~

Bailey.

Pickering & Chatto.

Robson.

Ellis & Elvey.

Hutt.

[Not the Hutt you knew, he has
quit bookkeeping, but his brother.]Liverpool.~~Young.~~Birmingham~~Hitchman~~~~Downing~~

A. C. McCLURG & Co.

117, 119, AND 121 WABASH AVENUE
CORNER MADISON STREET

3

CHICAGO 189

Manchester.~~Pitcher.~~~~Sutton.~~Glasgow.~~Hugh Hopkins.~~~~Forester.~~Edinboro.

Thin.

~~Brown.~~

Grant. (John)

The ^{shorter} Edinboro booksellers all have short names, as short as possible, because thereby there is economy in ink and in time.

A. C. McCLURG & Co.

4

117, 119, AND 121 WABASH AVENUE
CORNER MADISON STREET

CHICAGO 189

Paris.

Conquet.

Chadenat.

Dufosse.

Amster dam.

Muller.

Frankfort-on-Main.Baer.Treipsie.

Karl Hiersemann.

Otto Harrassowitz.

[Then will
break your jaws,
if they don't
your ^{by} me]

It has been a pleasure to write their names, even
aside from your desiring it done, because in doing
so most delightful experiences have been
recalled.

To E. H.

Yours

A. C. M. C.

But arm yourself with wherewithal
Before you make the rounds
For treasures they range all the way
From shillings up to pounds.

*Sing Bumpus, Sotheran, Quaritch, Roche,
Sing Edwards and Dobell;
Sing Maggs and Bull whose shops are full
Of rarities to sell!*

Sing Rimell, Jackson, Suckling, George:
Sing Ellis, Bailey, Hutt
Sing wormed antiques, uniques
And motley Bibliomaniac freaks
Large paper and uncut!

At Manchester and Liverpool,
And Edinboro' town
Are bibliopoles—God bless their souls!
Of proper great renown!
At Glasgow and at Birmingham

Sing Hitchman, Hopkins, Forester,
Sing Pitcher, Sutton, Brown

From towering folio's down;
Sing Downing
Sing Young

In the back of this volume is a list printed from Field's holograph manuscript giving in alphabetical order the correct titles of nearly all his verse and stories published prior to 1894, a year before his death, and the books in which they appear. The first page is given in facsimile. Although the manuscript is not dated, in a note at the end he refers to a memoir he wrote for a volume "printed, St. Louis, 1894."¹ It may be observed that while the manuscript list contains titles to several pieces "Not yet collected," Field did not include the title of "Penn Yan Bill's Wooing," written Oct. 15, 1887, and first printed by The Bibliophile Society in 1914. He wrote this in a volume for his friend William C. Buskett, and perhaps forgot about it, though it was one of the cleverest and most spontaneous things he ever did. A number of other uncatalogued poems written in the same book — and which do not appear to have been published — are here printed for the first time.²

¹ The title to this volume is, "Tributes in Memory of Ruth C. Gray."

² These, with the Penn Yan Bill poem, were previously issued by Mr. Bixby in a limited facsimile edition for complimentary distribution; but they do not appear ever to have been issued in type form until now. — Ed.

any tell a story of a Chicago drummer which may or may not be true. The fact is that it is only even grand sales that any of these very many names at
Chicagoans is to be taken. This particular story has it that not long ago a Chicago drummer (representing, we will suppose, one of our largest grocery
houses) arrived in the course of his travels at one of these flourishing little cities in which our neighboring state of Wisconsin abounds. Having partaken
of a hearty ^{hotel} supper, he inquired of a gentleman sitting at the same table whether there was any show going on in town that evening. "Yes," said the
gentleman, "the chorale society is going to sing 'The Messiah' tonight." The drummer ingeniously asked what "The Messiah" was: he had heard most of
the operas comiques and such other novelties as "Hobson" and "1492", but he did not recall having at any time seen or heard of "The Messiah." The
gentleman graciously explained that the piece in question was an oratorio, a sort of cross between opera and cantata. Moreover he advised the drummer
to hear it, as it was to be performed unusually well, the chorale society in that town being an exceptionally meritorious organization. Well, the drummer
went to the oratorio. Not long about 9 o'clock he meandered back into the hotel, wearing an expression of frustrated disgust. By chance, he found
his supper acquaintance sitting in the hotel office. "You're a fine bird!" says the drummer. "What do you mean? What's the matter?" asked the other.
"That was a daisy show you sent me to see," replies the Chicago man. "Why, there was no sense at all to it. That kind of show may catch on up here in
Wisconsin, but you can bet your life it won't go in Chicago." The other man expressed regret that the drummer had met with so thin a disappointment.
"Oh, it's all right," said the drummer magnanimously. "What's done is done, and can't be helped. But I must confess I was bored by the other absurdities
of the thing. Still, anyway, I saw the line just where a lot of old maids rise up at one end of a platform and sing 'Unto us a child is
born', while a lot of lanky, long-skinched old bachelors rise up at the other end of the platform and answer 'Wonderful! Wonderful! Wonderful!'
Heads; that may go in Wisconsin, but Chicago would never have it!"

Leg. Incl. to the
fine line, for
a good time

NOVEMBER

The night is dark and the night is cold
And the wind blows fierce and strong,
And the rich man sits in his castle old —
He drinks his wine and he counts his gold
As the night goes frowning along, along,
And the nightwind sings its song.

The wind speeds out to the withered lea
Afar from the greedy throng,
Where the poet abideth in poverty —
Nor castle, nor wine, nor gold hath he,
But he heareth the nightwind's song — its
song
As the night goes frowning along.

Oh, give me no castles, proud and old,
Nor honors that station brings —
Give me no plenty of wind¹ and gold,
But give me the soul, when the nights be cold,
To hear what the nightwind sings and sings
As it rustles its voiceful wings.

1886.

¹ Field wrote "wind," but he probably meant "wine."

TO FRANK W. REILLY

If I were rich enough to buy
A case of wine (tho' I abhor it!)
I'd send a quart of extra dry
And willingly get trusted for it.
But, lackaday! *you* know that I'm
As poor as Job's historic turkey —
In lieu of Mumm, accept this rhyme,
An honest gift, tho' somewhat jerky.

This is your silver-wedding day —
You didn't mean to let me know it!
And yet your smiles and raiment gay
Beyond all peradventure show it!
By all you say and do it's clear
A birdling in your heart is singing,
And everywhere you go, you hear
The old-time bridal bells a-ringing.

Ah, well, God grant that these dear chimes
May mind you of the sweetness only
Of those far-distant callow times
When you were bachelor and lonely,
And when an angel bless'd your lot
(For angel is your helpmate, truly),
And when, to share the joy she brought,
Came other *little* angels, duly.

So here's a health to you and wife —
Long may you mock the Reaper's warning,
And may the evening of your life
In rising sons renew the morning;
May happiness and peace and love
Come with each morrow to caress ye,
And when you're done with earth, above
God bless ye, dear old friend — God bless ye!
June 9, 1886.

MR. PEATTIE'S RUBBERS

Hard by his desk one stormy night,
Whilst their possessor paused to write
His criticisms terse and bright,
Lay Mr. Peattie's rubbers.

The night was wild with rain and sleet,
The slush ran riot in the street —
In short, the world outside was meet
For Mr. Peattie's rubbers.

But when the office clock struck one
And journalistic work was done,
Some other, thieving son-of-a-gun
Took Mr. Peattie's rubbers.

A man with unkempt beard and hair
Went snooping wildly here and there,
But found no traces anywhere
Of Mr. Peattie's rubbers.

Now curses on the callous soul
Of that remorseless wretch who stole
The subject of this dismal dole —
Viz: Mr. Peattie's rubbers.

April 10, 1886.

THE HUMANE LAD

Why should a naughty, froward boy
The harmless little fly assail?
Or why his precious time employ
At pulling honest Rover's tail?

Where e'er I go, each living thing
Has its predestined place to fill,
And naught that moves on foot or wing
Was made for boys to vex or kill.

The little fly, howe'er so frail,
Was made on Rover's hide to prey,
And faithful Rover's honest tail
Was made to brush the fly away.

So let each bird and beast enjoy
The vain, brief life which God has giv'n,
Whilst I my youthful hours employ
In works that fit the soul for heav'n,
1886.

A NATIONAL HYMN

Whether on hill or plain,
Blood of the patriot slain
Hallows our sod;
While from the glorious air
Vaulting our land so fair
Fall, as an incense rare,
Blessings of God.

Holy the heritage
Blazoned on hist'ry's page
For us to keep;
Wrapped in thy mantles red,
With our dear flag o'er head,
Rest thee, illustrious dead —
Sweet be thy sleep!

Princes, that scorn the Right —
Nations, whose pride is Might,
Crumble to dust;

Freedom the boon *we* crave —
No man shall be a slave
Where'er our banner wave —
God is our trust!

Seeing those early years
Dim thro' a mist of tears,
Pausing, we stand;
While spirit voices share
This universal pray'r
Filling the solemn air —
"God bless our land!"

Sept. 17, 1887.

YE CREWELL SASSINGER MILL

All upp & downe ye river & along ye sandy shore
Ye yemen ben a moaning & ye women skrike
full shrill
&, like a praroor fire, ye news are spredde from
doore to doore
That Sawney leesed a finger in ye sassinger
mill.

O Sawneys hand itt ben as faire as ever dole a
pack
Or drewed a pair of five spotts on ye deuces
for too fill;

None bolder hande nor Sawneys never whoppit
up ye jack —
But now it leesed a finger in ye sassinger mill!

His fayther slew a barrow on a Moneday after-
noone —

This morning, whiles that Sawney did ye
hopper all to-fill,
His evill sister Betty gave ye cranke a turn too
soone,
& Sawney leesed a finger in ye sassinger mill!

1887.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

The sheriff sleeps in a marble vault —
The kynge in a shroud of golde,
And upon the air with a chanted prayer
Mingles the mock of moulde.

But the deere draw to the shady pool,
The birds sing blithe and free,
And the wildflowers bloom on a hidden tomb
Under the greenwood tree.

Oct. '87.

The titles in quotation marks in the left hand column of this index have been added to those in Field's manuscript in order to make the list of titles more nearly complete. Field probably intended to have this published, whether separately or in conjunction with other material it is impossible to say. It must have surprised even the author himself on reviewing his list to see the number of pieces from his pen. His own arrangement gives the titles in the alphabetical order of only the first initial, and with the idea of preserving it in its original form the same rule has been observed in the printing.

Verse.

[The title of the piece is first given, and then the title of the book in which it is to be found. Where a piece is published in "Milk

Trumpet and Drum" as well as in the volume named, an asterisk (*) is affixed to the title of that piece)

Apple Pie and Cheese

Little Book of Western Verse

Ailsie, my Bairn

" " " " "

At the Door *

" " " " "

Ashes on the Side

Second Book of Verse

Armenian Lullaby *

" " " "

Amsterdam, In

" " " "

Always Right

" " " "

Bumpville, the Ride to,

Love-Songs of Childhood

Bonks, the

Love-Songs of Childhood

Bunch-Legged Tyee, the

Love-Songs of Childhood.

Bottle-Tree, the

" " " "

Buttercup, Popsay, Forget-me-not. *

Second Book of Verse

Bibliomaniac's Prayer, the

Little Book of Western Verse

Bibliomaniac's Bride, the

Little Book of Western Verse

Boy Blue - See Little Boy Blue *

Little Book of Western Verse

Beranger's "Broken Fiddle"

" " " " "

Beranger's "Ma Vocation"

" " " " "

Beranger's "My Last Song, Perhaps."

" " " " "

Bottle and the Bird, the

Second Book of Verse

Bells of Notre Dame

" " " "

Barbara

" " " "

Bulbous 22, the

" " " "

VERSE

(The title of the piece is first given, and then the title of the book in which it is to be found. Where a piece is published in "With Trumpet and Drum" as well as in the volume named, an asterisk (*) is affixed to the title of that piece.) [Headnote by Field.]

-- Apple-Pie and Cheese	Little Book of Western Verse
Ailsie, my Bairn	" " " " "
At the Door *	" " " " "
Ashes on the Slide	Second Book of Verse
Armenian Lullaby *	" " " " "
Amsterdam, In	" " " " "
Always Right	" " " " "
"Armenian Mother, The"	With Trumpet and Drum
"Actor, A Very Weary"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"April Fool, The"	" " " " "
"Ahkoond of Swat, The"	" " " " "
"Abu Midjan"	" " " " "
"Ancient Oaths, A Ballad of"	" " " " "
Bumpville, The Ride to	Love-Songs of Childhood
Brook, The	" " " " "
Bench-Legged Fyce, The	" " " " "
Bottle-Tree, The	" " " " "
Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not *	Second Book of Verse
Bibliomaniac's Prayer, The	Little Book of Western Verse
Bibliomaniac's Bride, The	" " " " "
Boy-Blue— See Little Boy Blue *	" " " " "
Béranger's "Broken Fiddle"	" " " " "
Béranger's "Ma Vocation"	" " " " "
Béranger's "My Last Song, Perhaps"	" " " " "
Bottle and the Bird, The	Second Book of Verse
Bells of Notre Dame	" " " " "
Barbara	" " " " "
Boltons 22, The	" " " " "
Bill's Tenor and My Bass	" " " " "

Bion's Song of Eros	Second Book of Verse
Billings of Louisville, Mr.	" " " "
Bethlehem-Town	" " " "
"Boohl"	Love-Songs of Childhood
Beard and Baby	" " "
Brag, Little Miss	" " "
Button-Eyes, Lady	" " "
Bambino (Corsican Lullaby) *	Second Book of Verse
"Brook, To a Little"	With Trumpet and Drum
"Bell-Flower Tree, The"	" " " "
"Balow, My Bonnie"	" " " "
"Ben Apfelgarten"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Be My Sweetheart"	" " "
"Broken Ring, The"	" " "
"Boccaccio"	" " "
"Brook Song, A"	" " "
"Bow-Leg Boy, The"	" " "
"Béranger's 'To My Old Coat'"	" " "
"Bion, A Spring Poem From"	" " "
"Bion the Smyranean, Two Idyls from"	" " "
"Big Thursday"	" " "
"Bachelor Hall"	" " "
"Bethlehem Town"	" " "
"Boy, The"	" " "
"Bugaboo, The"	" " "
Catullus to Lesbia	Second Book of Verse
Clink of the Ice, The	" " " "
Crumpets and Tea	" " " "
Café Molineau, The	" " " "
Christmas Eve	" " " "
Christmas-Time, The Peace of *	" " " "
Chrystmasse of Olde	Little Book of Western Verse
Christmas Treasurer*	" " " "
Christmas Hymn	" " " "
Camelot, A Proper Trewe Idyll of	" " " "
Cheyenne, At	Second Book of Verse
Carlsbad	" " " "
Corinthian Hall	" " " "
Child and Mother *	Little Book of Western Verse
Casey's Table d'Hôte	" " " "
Conversazhyony, The	" " " "

Croodlin'-Doo, Little *	Little Book of Western Verse
Cunin' Little Thing, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
"Cobbler and Stock"	With Trumpet and Drum
"Contentment"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Convalescent Gripster, The"	" " "
"Clare Market"	" " "
"Cradle Song"	" " "
"Clouds, Song of the"	" " "
"Coquetry"	" " "
"Cricket's Song, The"	" " "
"Cinna, To"	" " "
"'Cuss-Word,' Romance of a"	" " "
"Cakes, The Remorseful"	" " "
"Cold Consolation"	" " "
"Christmas"	" " "
"Chicago Weather"	" " "
"Collector's Discontent, The"	" " "
"Christmas Wind, A Song of the"	" " "
"Cutting of the Cake, The" (White House Ballads)	" " "
"Christmas Morning"	" " "
Dr. Rabelais	(Not yet collected)
Dr. Sam	" " "
Drum, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
Dinkey-Bird, The	" " "
Dream-Ship, The	(Not yet collected)
De Amicitias	Little Book of Western Verse
Dana, of the New York Sun, Mr.	" " " " "
Divine Lullaby, The *	" " " " "
Dear Old London	Second Book of Verse
Doctors	" " " "
Dibdin's Ghost	" " " "
Doings of Delsarte	" " " "
Duel, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
Doll's Wooing, The	" " "
"Death of Robin Hood"	Little Book of Western Verse
"Dead Babe, The"	Love-Songs of Childhood
"Dreams, The"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Drinking Song, A"	" " "
"Discreet Collector, The"	" " "
"Dream of Springtime, A"	" " "

"Dismal Dole of the Doodledoo, The" Scribner's Complete Edition
 "Dream, Dream, Dream" " " "
 "Der Mann im Keller" " " "
 "Debutante, The" " " "
 "Denman Thompson, To" " " "

"Emma Abbott, To" Scribner's Complete Edition
 "Ed" " " "
 "Elfin Summons, An" " " "
 "Explorer's Wooing, The" " " "
 "Extinct Monsters" " " "

Flanders, In. Little Book of Western Verse
 Firelight, In the * " " " "
 "Fiducit" Second Book of Verse
 Father's Way " " " "
 Fisherman's Feast, The " " " "
 Fiddle-dee-deel Love-Songs of Childhood
 Fisherman Jim's Kids " " "
 "Fly-Away Horse, The" " " "
 "Father's Letter" With Trumpet and Drum
 "Fairy and Child" " " " "
 "Fire-Hangbird's Nest, The" " " " "
 "Fate of the Flimflam, The" Scribner's Complete Edition
 "Fairy Lullaby, A" " " " "
 "French Must Go, The" " " " "
 "Fanchon the Cricket" " " " "
 "From the Same Canteen" " " " "
 "Fool, The" " " " "
 "For the Charming Miss I. F.'s Album" " " "

Gold and Love for Dearle * Little Book of Western Verse
 Gosling Stew Second Book of Verse
 Gettin' On " " " "
 Grandma's Prayer With Trumpet and Drum
 Ganderfeather's Gift * Second Book of Verse
 Grandma's Bombazine " " " "
 "Goodbye— God Bless You!" Little Book of Western Verse
 Good-Children Street Love-Songs of Childhood
 Garden and Cradle " " " "
 Googly-Goo " " " "
 "Grandsire, The" With Trumpet and Drum

"Great Journalist in Spain, The"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Guess"	" " "
"Gettysburg"	" " "
"Good Man's Sorrow, A"	" " "
"Gee Swee Zamericane"	" " "
"Grant"	" " "
Holy Grail, The	Culture's Garland
Horace, Translations and Paraphrases	Echoes from the Sabine Farm
Heine's "Widow or Daughter"	Little Book of Western Verse
Hugo's "Flower to Butterfly"	" " " " "
Hi-Spy *	" " " " "
Happy Household, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
Holly and Ivy	Second Book of Verse
Hawthorne Children, The *	" " " "
Humming-Top, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
Helgho, My Dearie (Orkney Lullaby) *	Little Book of Western Verse
"Hushaby, Sweet My Own" (Lullaby: By the Sea) *	" " " " "
"Hugo's 'Child at Play'"	With Trumpet and Drum
"How Salty Win Out"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Hushaby, A"	" " "
"Heine, A Paraphrase of " (Lyric Intermezzo)	" " "
"Heine Love Song, A"	" " "
"Hymn" (From the German of Martin Luther)	" " "
"Hugo's 'Pool in the Forest'"	" " "
"His Lordship, the Chief Justice"	" " "
"Hint for 1884, A"	" " "
"How Flaherty Kept the Bridge"	" " "
"Human Nature"	" " "
"Her Fairy Feet"	" " "
"Humanity"	" " "
"Holland, In"	" " "
"Hymn: Midnight Hour"	" " "
"Holman's Farewell, Mr."	" " "
"Humane Lad, The"	Verse and Prose; The Bibliophile Society, 1917
Intry-Mintry *	Second Book of Verse
Ipswich	" " " "

Inscription for a Silver Plate	Love-Songs of Childhood
"Invitation to Sleep, An"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Indian and the Trout, The"	" " "
"Illinois War-Song, An"	" " "
"Ill Requited"	" " "
Jewish Lullaby *	Second Book of Verse
"Jest 'fore Christmas"	Love-Songs of Childhood
"Jessie"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway, The"	" " "
"Jennie"	" " "
"Jelly-Cake, Ballad of the"	" " "
"July, The 5th of"	" " "
Klissing Time	Love-Songs of Childhood
Krinken *	Little Book of Western Verse
Körner's Battle-Prayer	Second Book of Verse
"King Grover Craves Ple" (White House Ballads)	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Kissing of the Bride, The" (White House Ballads)	" " "
Little All-Aloney	Love-Songs of Childhood
Little Mistress Sans-Merci	With Trumpet and Drum
Little Boy Blue *	Little Book of Western Verse
Little Blue Pigeon (Japanese Lul- laby) *	" " " " "
Lollyby, Lolly, Lollyby *	" " " " "
Lyttel Boy, Ye *	" " " " "
Little Homer's Slate *	Second Book of Verse
Lizzie *	" " " "
Lydia Dic	" " " "
Lover's Lane, Saint Jo	" " " "
Long Ago *	Little Book of Western Verse
Little Mack	" " " "
Little Bit of a Woman, A (Dedication)	Second Book of Verse
"Little-Oh-Deer"	Love-Songs of Childhood
"Lyman, Frederick, and Jim"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Lullaby, A"	" " "
"Limitations of Youth, The"	" " "
"Love Song—Heine"	" " "
"Leap-Year Episode, A"	" " "
"Lament of a Neglected Boss"	" " "

"Leap-Year Lament, A"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Little Miss Dandy"	" " "
"Ladye Julia, To the "	" " "
"Longings"	" " "
Mother, To My	Second Book of Verse
Modjesky as Cameel	" " " "
Moschus, "The Lost Cupid" of	" " " "
Marthy's Yunkit	Little Book of Western Verse
Mediæval Eventide Song *	" " " "
Madge; Ye Hoyden	" " " "
Mother and Child	" " " "
"Mary Field French, To"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Mysterious Doings"	" " "
"Mary Smith"	" " "
"My Playmates"	" " "
"Marcus Varro"	" " "
"My Garden"	" " "
"Morning Song"	" " "
"M. L. Gray, To" (Dedication to Echoes from the Sabine Farm)	" " "
"Mother and Sphinx" (Egyptian Folk- Song)	" " "
"Mystery of Pasadene, The"	" " "
"Modern Martyr, The"	" " "
"Mugwump, The Song of the"	" " "
"Mein Faeder Bed"	" " "
"Mr. Peattie's Rubbers"	Verse and Prose; The Biblio- phile Society, 1917
Naughty Doll, The *	Second Book of Verse
Night Wind, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
Norse Lullaby *	Little Book of Western Verse
"Nightfall in Dordrecht" *	Second Book of Verse
"Nellie"	With Trumpet and Drum
"New Orleans, In"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"New-Year's Eve"	" " "
"Nightmare, A"	" " "
"November"	" " "
"November" (another poem)	Verse and Prose; The Biblio- phile Society, 1917
"National Hymn, A"	Verse and Prose; The Biblio- phile Society, 1917

Our Lady of the Mine	Little Book of Western Verse
Our Two Opinions	" " " "
Old English Lullaby	" " " "
Our Biggest Fish	" " " "
Over the Hills and Far Away . . .	Love-Songs of Childhood
Onion Tart, The	Second Book of Verse
Our Whippings *	Second Book of Verse
Oh, Little Child (Sicilian Lullaby) *	Little Book of Western Verse
"Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love"	Second Book of Verse
"One Day I got a Missive" . . .	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Old Spanish Song"	" " "
"Official Explanation, The" . . .	" " "
"Of Blessed Memory"	" " "
"Ohio Idyl, An"	" " "
"Ohio Ditty, An"	" " "
"Old Sexton, The"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Oglesby (1884)"	" " "
"Overworked Word, An"	" " "
"O'Connor's Iloquint Spache" . .	" " "
"Oh, London is as Fine a Town" .	Verse and Prose, The Biblio- phile Society, 1917
Play, At	Love-Songs of Childhood
Providence and the Dog	Second Book of Verse
Poet and King	" " " "
Passing Saint, To the	" " " "
Partridge, The	" " " "
Plaint of a Missouri Coon	" " " "
Pittypat and Tippytoe *	" " " "
Pneumogastric Nerve, The	" " " "
Prof. Vere de Blaw	Little Book of Western Verse
Peach, The Little	" " " "
Psalm, The Twenty-third	" " " "
Pic-Nic Time	Love-Songs of Childhood
Peter-Bird, The	(Not yet collected) ¹
"Paraphrase, A"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Pan Liveth"	" " "
"Princess Ming, The"	" " "
"Piteous Plaint, A"	" " "
"Poet's Return, The"	" " "
"Play on Words, A"	" " "

¹ Afterwards printed by Scribner's.

"Patrolot's Trlumph, A"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Political Maud, The"	" " "
"Plea for the Classics, A"	" " "
"Parlez-Vous Français?"	" " "
"'Puritan'—'Genesta'"	" " "
"Passing of the Compliment, The" (White House Ballads)	" " "
"Poem in Three Cantos, A"	" " "
"Pike's Peak"	" " "
"Pie, In Praise of"	" " "
"Penn Yan Bill's Wooing"	The Bibliophile Society, 1914
"Parting Song, A"	Verse and Prose; The Biblio- phile Society, 1917
Rock-a-by Lady, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
Robin Goodfellow, To	Little Book of Western Verse
Red	Second Book of Verse
Red, Red West, The	" " "
Rare Roast Beef	" " "
"Rose and the Iceberg, The"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Rhine-Land Drinking Song, A"	" " "
"Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, From the"	" " "
"Reilly's Peaches, Mrs."	" " "
"Reilly, Frank W., To"	Verse and Prose; The Biblio- phile Society, 1917
Some Time *	Little Book of Western Verse
Soubrette, To a	" " " " "
Soldier, Maiden and Flower	" " " " "
Smith, John	Second Book of Verse
St. Martin's Lane	" " " "
Singing in God's Acre, The	" " " "
Sugar-Plum Tree, The *	" " " "
Shut-Eye Train, The	Love-Songs of Childhood
St. Jo Gazette, The	Second Book of Verse
Schnellest Zug, The	" " " "
Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks	Love-Songs of Childhood
Swing High and Swing Low	" " "
Stork, The	" " "
So, so, Rockaby So	" " "
Suppose	(Not yet collected)

Seeln' Things at Night	Love-Songs of Childhood			
"Song of Luddy-Dud, The"	"	"	"	"
"Stoddards, The"	Scribner's Complete Edition			
"Star of the East"	"	"	"	"
"Stoves and Sunshine"	"	"	"	"
"Straw Parlor, The"	"	"	"	"
"Sister's Cake"	"	"	"	"
"Sleeping Child, The"	"	"	"	"
"Sleeping Baby's Eyes, To a"	"	"	"	"
"Shoshone Legend, A"	"	"	"	"
"Song of the All-Wool Shirt"	"	"	"	"
"Scherzo, A"	"	"	"	"
"Secret of the Sphinx, The"	"	"	"	"
"Spirit Lake"	"	"	"	"
"Song for the Departed"	"	"	"	"
Sister Rose's Suspicions (White House Ballads)	"	"	"	"
"Sag Harbor"	"	"	"	"
"Susceptible Widow, The"	"	"	"	"
"Straw Hat, The"	"	"	"	"
"Song"	"	"	"	"
"Snakes, The"	"	"	"	"
"Sabine Farm, My"	"	"	"	"
Thirty-Nine	Little Book of Western Verse			
Telling the Bees	Second Book of Verse			
Tea-Gown, The	"	"	"	"
Teeny-Weeny *	"	"	"	"
Telka	"	"	"	"
Three Kings of Cologne	"	"	"	"
"Trot, My Good Steed"	"	"	"	"
"Truth About Horace, The"	Scribner's Complete Edition			
"Three Tailors, The"	"	"	"	"
"Twin Idols"	"	"	"	"
"Taylor Pup, The Ballad of the"	"	"	"	"
"Trollope's History of Florence, After Reading"	"	"	"	"
"The Old Homestead"	"	"	"	"
"Two Coffins, The"	"	"	"	"
"Two Valentines"	"	"	"	"
"Two Little Skeezucks, The"	"	"	"	"
"Three-Cent Stamp, The"	"	"	"	"

"Thomas A. Hendricks's Appeal"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Tying of the Tie," The (White House Ballads)	" " "
"Three Days in Springtime"	" " "
"Truth and Simplicity in Song, In Praise of"	" " "
"Tin Bank, The"	" " "
Uhland's "Three Cavaliers"	Little Book of Western Verse
Usurper, To a *	" " " " "
"Uhland's 'White Stag'"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Uhland's 'Chapel'"	" " "
"Uncle Eph"	" " "
"Under the Greenwood Tree"	Verse and Prose; The Bibliophile Society, 1917
Valentine, A	Love-Songs of Childhood
Virgil, An Eclogue from	Second Book of Verse
"Villon and I"	Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac
"Valentine To My Wife, A"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Violets' Love Story, The"	" " "
"Virgilian Picnic, A"	" " "
"Vineyard, The"	" " "
Wind, The	(Not yet collected)
When I was a Boy	Love-Songs of Childhood
Wynken, Blynken and Nod (Dutch Lullaby)	Little Book of Western Verse
Wanderer, The	" " " " "
With Trumpet and Drum	With Trumpet and Drum
Watts, An Imitation of Dr.	Second Book of Verse
Waller Lot, Ballad of the	Love-Songs of Childhood
"Women I Love, Ballad of"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"With Two Spoons for Two Spoons"	" " "
"Wooing of the Southland, The" (Alaskan Ballad)	" " "
"With Brutus in St. Jo"	" " "
"Winfreda" (A Ballad of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue)	" " "
"Western Boy's Lament, A"	" " "
"Wedding-Day, The" (White House Ballads)	" " "

"When Stedman Comes to Town"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"War-Song, A"	" " "
"Ward H. Lamon, Asleep on His Library Floor, To"	" " "
Yvytot *	Little Book of Western Verse
"Yellowstone Park, A Battle In"	Scribner's Complete Edition
"Yours Fraternally"	" " "
"Ye Crewell Sassinger Mill"	Verse and Prose; The Biblio- phile Society, 1917
"Zephyr from Zululand, A"	Scribner's Complete Edition

SKETCHES AND TALES

Bill, the Lokil Editor	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Boomerangelungen, The	Culture's Garland
Coming of the Prince, The	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Christmas Tree, The First	" " " " "
Cyclopeedy, The	" " " " "
Divell's Chrystmasse, The	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Daniel and the Devil	The Holy Cross
Dock Stebbins	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Dante	Culture's Garland
Ezra's Thanksgiving Out West	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Fido's Little Friend	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Fairies of Pesth, The	" " " " "
Flail, Trask and Bisland	The Holy Cross
Franz Abt	" " " "
Felice and Petit-Ponlain	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Hampshire Hills, The	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Holy Cross, The	" " " " "
Introduction to	Stone's First Edition of Ameri- can Authors
Jinin' Farms, The	(Not yet collected)
Ludwlg and Eloise	Little Book of Profitable Tales

Margaret; a Pearl	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Mouse and the Moonbeam, The	“ “ “ “ “
Mountain and the Sea, The	“ “ “ “ “
Methuselah	The Holy Cross
Mistress Merciless	“ “ “
Old Man, The	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Oak-Tree and the Ivy, The	“ “ “ “ “
Primer Stories	The Tribune Primer; Denver, 1882
Rose and the Thrush, The	The Holy Cross
Robin and the Violet, The	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Rodolph and His King	“ “ “ “ “
River, The	The Holy Cross
Symbol and the Saint, The.	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Seal-Wife, The	The Holy Cross
Spring-Time, The	Little Book of Profitable Tales
Touch in the Heart, The	The Holy Cross
Xanthippe	Culture's Garland
Yaller Baby, The Little	Little Book of Profitable Tales

*Twenty-one Tales*¹

Jim's Kids	The Holy Cross
Old Gramper Growly	Joel's Christmas
Mistress Merciless	Job and His Ailment
The Lonesome Little Shoe	Leander and the Parrot
Franz Abt	Mrs. Macgregor's Red Gown
The Catnip Garden	John Milton and His Type-Writer
Daniel and the Devil	Methuselah
John Henry's Fishing	The River
An Early Fourth of July	Mrs. Socrates
The Coming of George	The Seal-Wife
The Old Hymn Book	

¹ Part of these appear in the index; others are unidentified. — Ed.

BOOKS BY EUGENE FIELD¹

A Little Book of Western Verse; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York	\$1.25
With Trumpet and Drum; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York	1.00
Second Book of Verse; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York .	1.25
Echoes from the Sabine Farm; A. C. McClurg Co., Chicago	5.00
Love-Songs of Childhood; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York	1.25
Denver Tribune Primer; Denver, 1882. Out of print.	
Culture's Garland; Ticknor & Co., Boston. Out of print.	
A Little Book of Profitable Tales; Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York	1.25
The Holy Cross and Other Tales; Stone & Kimball, Chicago .	1.25
"Auto-Analysis," Chicago, 1896	
"Eugene Field to Francis Wilson," New Rochelle, 1896	
"Second Book of Tales," Scribner's, New York, 1896	
"Songs and Other Verses," Scribner's, New York, 1896	
"The House," Scribner's, 1896	
"The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," Scribner's, 1896	
"Florence Bardsley's Story," Chicago, 1897	
"Sharps and Flats," Scribner's, New York, 2 vols. 1900	
"The Friar Gonsol," Cadmus Press, New York, 1900	
"The Story of the Two Friars," Chicago, 1900	
"A Little Book of Tribune Verse," 1901	
"The Stars—A Slumber Story," New York, 1901	
"Hoosier Lyrics," Donahue & Co., Chicago, 1905	
"John Smith, U. S. A.," Donahue & Co., Chicago, 1905	
"The Clink of the Ice," Donahue & Co., Chicago, 1905	
"The Wink-A-Way Land," Donahue & Co., Chicago, 1905	
"The Poems of Eugene Field," Complete Edition, Scribner's, 1915	

NOTE: In addition to the works specified above, Mr. Field contributed an introduction to Herbert Stuart Stone's "First Editions of American Authors;" and a memoir of Mrs. Ruth C. Gray to a memorial volume privately printed, St. Louis, 1894. The book "With Trumpet and Drum" is composed exclusively of child verse compiled from "A Little Book of Western Verse" and "Second Book of Verse" and written previous to the year 1893. [This note was written by Field at the conclusion of his list.]

¹ The first nine titles constitute Field's list as he wrote it. Those quoted have been added. — Ed.

LIST OF BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS IN THE
GEORGE H. YENOWINE COLLECTION OF
EUGENE FIELD'S WORKS

"Second Book of Verse." Scribner & Son, 1893. First edition, inscribed, with four lines of verse by Field. Contains bookplates of Field and Yenowine.

"A Little Book of Profitable Tales." First edition, 1890. Inscribed by Field. Bookplates of Field and Yenowine pasted in.

"Dibdin's Ghost." A little volume containing the original MS. with rubricated initials; also a printed copy. These are followed by several newspaper clippings, pasted in on blank leaves. Bookplates of Field and Yenowine inserted.

"Culture's Garland." Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, 1887. Inscribed by Field:—"To George H. Yenowine this error of youth is regretfully presented by the committer thereof. Eugene Field." Yenowine's bookplate pasted in.

"In Memory of Mrs. Ruth C. Gray." Privately printed, 1894. Bookplate of George H. Yenowine. Inscribed by Field: "With very much love to George H. Yenowine. Eugene Field."

"Echoes from the Sabine Farm." Bookplates of Geo. H. Yenowine and Eugene Field. Contains proof sheet of "Sharps and Flats" signed in two places by Field. This copy is inscribed by Mrs. Eugene Field as follows:—"To Geo. H. Yenowine: As an expression of my appreciation of a true friend—shown to me in his devotion to my husband's memory, and his many acts of kindness to his nearest and dearest.—I beg he will accept this book from me in grateful love. Mrs. Eugene Field. Feb. 14, 1896."

"Love Songs of Childhood," 1894. — Japanese vellum copy No. IX, with Field's bookplate and ten lines of a verse in his autograph. Frontispiece portrait of Field inscribed, "Always affectionately yours, dear Yenowine"; signed and dated Feb. 8, 1895.

"With Trumpet and Drum." First edition, 1892. Charles Scribner's Sons. Limited edition, this being No. 66.

"Little Book of Profitable Tales," of which only 250 copies were issued, this being No. 177. Printed by M. E. Stone, Chicago, 1889. Inserted bookplate of Geo. H. Yenowine. Contains four lines of verse in Field's handwriting, also a pen sketch in colors by Field. Inserted in the book are the names of the subscribers.

"The Symbol and the Saint, a Christmas Tale." Autograph facsimile edition, 1886. Contains bookplate of Yenowine, and is inscribed by Field with eight lines of prose, dated May 27, 1895.

"The Tribune Primer." Limited edition, privately printed at Marion Press, 1900; handmade paper. Copy No. 76. Contains bookplate of Field and Yenowine, and a card on which Field wrote: "That's right; come along; plenty of room; glad to see you. Bring mamma,—E. F." Also a letter from G. M. Williamson to Yenowine.

"The Holy Cross and Other Tales." Limited edition; Stone & Kimball, Chicago, 1893. Copy No. 3. Contains bookplates of Eugene Field and Yenowine, and is inscribed by Field with six lines of prose.

"The Holy Cross." Twenty copies printed on Japanese vellum by Stone and Kimball. Presented by Field to Mrs. Yenowine. Has inserted bookplate of Yenowine and is inscribed by Field. Also inscribed by Mrs. Yenowine.

"A Little Book of Western Verse." First edition, 1890; being Mr. Field's personal copy which he used on the platform. Inserted are bookplates of Field and Yenowine. Inscribed by Field with a six-line stanza addressed "to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Yenowine."

"Echoes from the Sabine Farm." Limited edition; 30 copies on Japan and 70 on handmade paper. This copy is one of the latter, No. 41, signed by Francis Wilson. Contains bookplate of Yenowine, and is inscribed by Field with two lines of prose and a six-line stanza, signed.

A portion of "Mistress Merciless," which was dedicated to Mrs. Yenowine. Bookplate of Yenowine inserted. "Contents and Dedications," in Field's handwriting, and underneath are fifteen titles, with names of persons to whom they are dedicated. Ten letters in Field's handwriting are inserted on stubs. Volume is bound in black leather.

Large paper edition of "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1893. 500 copies, of which this is No. 435. Bookplates of Field and Yenowine inserted; also portrait of Field in his library. Contains complete poem, "Lydia Dic" in Field's writing, signed. Book has various original pen and ink and water color sketches all the way through, done by several different artists.

Original manuscript, bound, of "Odes of Horace"; containing twenty-three of Field's translations and paraphrases from Horace,

all signed. Twenty-one of these were published in "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," and two are unpublished. Field's full signature appears at the top of the second front waste-leaf, which is otherwise blank. The manuscripts are all prepared with great care and most of them have large initials and headings in a variety of colors of ink. Some contain penciled instructions to the printer and other memoranda. Pasted in the front are the bookmarks of Field and Yenowine.

"Florence Bardsley's Story." Printed by W. Irving Way in 1897. Contains bookplate of Yenowine. Autographed by Caroline Way, the illuminator.

"Eugene Field, An Auto-analysis." Chicago, 1896. Limited edition on Japanese vellum. Contains bookplate of Yenowine and is autographed by F. M. Morris, the publisher.

"Eugene Field to Francis Wilson." Privately printed, 1896, 100 copies on handmade paper. Contains Yenowine's bookmark with Francis Wilson's signature on it.

"Tribune Primer." First edition, "Reprinted from the "Denver Tribune"; no date. Bound with original front paper cover. Bookmarks of Field and Yenowine pasted in.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

"Villon and I." Two pages. Original draft.

"Mistress Merciless," five pages engrossed and illustrated by Field. Unfinished.

Two and a quarter pages of manuscript, giving information to a correspondent about origin of a dozen of Field's most popular poems.

Original draft of personal sketch of Field's life, dated New Orleans, March 14th, 1894. Three pages. Written and published by himself. It was intended to be sent in reply to the numerous requests for information concerning himself. It was first printed as a four-page leaflet in a limited edition of eight copies, of which No. 7 accompanies the manuscript. Later published by Morris as "An Auto-Analysis."

Contract written by Field forming a co-partnership with John A. Reavis to become editors and publishers of the "Washington Critic." Never consummated. One sheet.

"Mistress Merciless," newspaper proofs, 5 pages corrected and autographed by Field.

"Unto Us a Child is Born." One page MS. Suppressed.

Manuscript of short story, "Sweet One Darling and the Moonbeam." Dated Chicago, June 30th, 1895. 4 pages. Signed.

Thirteen pages of manuscript giving correct title of verses and stories written by Field prior to 1894, a year before his death. Very carefully compiled by Field for the use of a friend.

Two folio pages, diary of Field's visit to Washington and an interview with President Cleveland.

Auto Proof of "Springtime." Set up in galley form.

The most precious of all Field Manuscripts. Two pages of rough paper torn from a tablet, and containing two finished and two unfinished stanzas written in pencil a few hours before Field's death. There are three extra sheets on which appear the names of bookdealers in London, Paris and other European centers, written out by G. M. Millard for Field's use in composing his poem.

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